

# Poetry.

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

As thou soundest the depth of yonder sea;  
And counted the sands that under it lie?  
Hast thou measured the height of Heaven above?  
Thou mayest thou meet out a mother's love.  
Hast thou talked with the blessed of leading on  
To the throne of God some wondering son?  
Hast thou witnessed the angel's bright employ?  
Then mayest thou speak of a mother's joy.

Evening and morn hast thou watched the bee  
Go forth on her errands of industry?  
The bee for herself hath gathered and toiled,  
But the mother's care is all for her child.

Hast thou gone with the traveller's thought afar,  
From pole to pole, and from star to star?  
Thou hast—but one ocean, earth or sea,  
The heart of a mother has gone with thee.

There is not a grand, inspiring thought,  
There is not a truth by wisdom taught,  
There is not a feeling, pure and high,  
That may not be read in a mother's eye.

They are teaching on earth, and sky, and are,  
The heavens the glory of God declare;  
But louder than voice beneath, above,  
He is heard to speak through a mother's love.

## HOBLEDEHOYS.

Not a man, nor a boy,  
But a Hobbledehoy.—*Old song.*

If there is a time a happy time,  
When a boy is just half a man;  
When ladies may kiss him without a crime,  
And flirt with him like a fan:  
When mamma with their daughters will leave  
him alone,

If he only will seem to fear them;  
While, were he a man, or a little more grown,  
They never would let them come near them.

These, Lilly! these were the days when you  
Were my boyhood's earliest flame—  
When I thought it an honor to tie your shoe,  
And tremble to hear your name;  
When I scarce ventured to take a kiss,  
Though your lips seemed half to invite me,  
But Lilly! I soon got over this,  
When I kissed—and they did not bite me.

Oh! those were glad some and fairy times,  
And our hearts were then in the spring,  
When I passed my nights in writing you rhymes,  
And my days in hearing you sing.  
And don't you remember your mother's dismay,  
When she found in your drawer my sonnet;  
And the beautiful verse I wrote one day,  
On the ribbon that hung from your bonnet?

And the seat we made by the fountain gush,  
Where your task you went to gash,  
And how I lay under the holly bush,  
Till your governess went a way;  
And how when looking at your task you sat,  
Or whenever a kiss I wanted,  
I'd bray like an ass, or mew like a cat,  
Till she deemed that the place was haunted?

And do you not, love, remember the days,  
When I dressed you for the play;  
When I pinned your kerchief, and laced your  
slays  
In the neatest and tidiest way?  
And do you forget the kiss you gave,  
When I tore my hand with a pin,  
And how you wondered that men would not shave  
The beard from their horrible chin?

And do you remember the garden wall  
I climbed up every night;  
And the racket we made in the servant's hall,  
When the wind had blown out the light—  
When Sally got up in her petticoat;  
And John came out in his shirt,  
And I silenced her with a guinea note,  
And blushed him with a squint?

And don't you remember the horrible bite,  
I got from the gardener's bitch,  
When John let her out of her kennel for spite,  
And she seized me in crossing the ditch?  
And how you wept when you saw my blood,  
And numbered me with Love's Martyrs—  
And how you helped me out of the mud,  
By tying together your garters?

But, Lilly! now I am grown a man,  
And those days are all gone by,  
And fortune may give you the best she can,  
And the brightest destiny;  
But I would give you every hope and joy  
That my spirit may taste again,  
That I once more be that glad some boy,  
And that you were as young as then.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

## GRIZEL COCHRANE.

### A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last  
James drove his subjects to take up arms  
against him, one of the most formidable ene-  
mies to his dangerous usurpations was Sir  
John Cochrane, ancestor to the present Earl  
of Dundonald. He was one of the most  
prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and  
for ages a settled gloom seemed to have  
hung over the house of Campbell, envelop-  
ing in a common ruin all who united their  
fortunes in the cause of its chieftains. The  
same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane.  
He was surrounded by the King's troops—  
long, deadly, and desperate was his resist-  
ance, but at length, overpowered by num-  
bers, he was taken prisoner, tried and con-  
demned to die upon the scaffold. He had  
but a few days to live, and his jailer waited  
but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead  
him forth to execution. His family and his  
friends had visited him in prison, and ex-  
changed with him the last farewell. But  
there was one who came not with the rest  
to receive his blessing—one who was the  
pride of his eye, and of his house—even Grizel,  
the daughter of his love. Twilight was  
casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of  
his prison-house, he was mourning for a last  
look of his favorite child and his head was  
pressed against the cold damp walls of his  
cell to cool the feverish pulsations that shot  
through it like stings of fire, when the door  
of the apartment turned slowly on its un-  
wieldy hinges, and his keeper entered follow-  
ed by a young and beautiful lady. Her per-  
son was tall and commanding, her eyes dark,  
bright, and tearless; but their very bright-  
ness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep  
to be wept away; and her raven tresses were

parted over an open brow, clear and pure as  
the polished marble. The unhappy captive  
raised his head as they entered—

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaim-  
ed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the  
miserable maiden, and she dashed away the  
tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short, very short,"  
said the jailer, as he turned and left them for  
a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee, my daughter!"  
added the unhappy father, as he held her to  
his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow.

"I had feared that I should die without be-  
stowing my blessing on the head of my own  
child, and that stung me more than death—  
but thou art come! and the last blessing of  
thy wretched father."

"Nay! forbear!" she exclaimed, "not thy  
last blessing!—not thy last! My father  
shall not die!"

"Be calm! be calm, my child!" returned  
he; "would to heaven that I could comfort  
thee—my own! my own! But there is no  
hope—within three days, and thou and all  
my little ones will be—"

Fatherless—he would have said but the  
words died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her  
head from his breast, but eagerly pressing  
his hand—my father shall live! Is not my  
grandfather the friend of Father Peter, the  
confessor and the master of the King—from  
him he shall beg the life of his son, and my  
father shall not die."

"Nay! nay, my Grizel!" returned he; "be  
not deceived—there is no hope—already my  
doom is sealed; already the King has signed  
the order of my execution, and the messen-  
ger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father shall not! shall not die!"  
she repeated emphatically, and clasping her  
hands together.

"Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!"  
she exclaimed, and turning to her father, said  
calmly—"we part now, but we shall meet  
again."

"What would my child?" enquired he ca-  
relessly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father—  
ask not now; but pray for me, and bless me;  
but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart and  
wept upon her neck. In a few moments  
the jailer entered, and they were torn from  
the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after  
the interview we have mentioned, a wayfar-  
ing man, crossed the drawbridge at Berwick,  
from the North; and, proceeding down  
Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by  
the door of an hostelry on the South side of  
the street, nearly fronting what was called  
"Main-guard" then stood. He did not en-  
ter the inn; for it was above his apparent  
condition, being that which Oliver Crom-  
well had made his headquarters a few  
years before, and where at some earlier pe-  
riod, James the Sixth had taken up the re-  
sidence when on his way to enter on the  
Sovereignty of England. The traveller  
wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his  
body by a leathern girdle, and over a small  
cloak, composed of equally plain materials.

He was evidently a young man; but his bea-  
ver was drawn down, so as almost to con-  
ceal his features. In the one hand he car-  
ried a small bundle, and in the other a pil-  
grim's staff. Having called for a glass of  
wine, he took a crust of bread from his bun-  
dle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose  
to depart. The shades of night were set-  
tling in, and it threatened to be a night  
of storms. The heavens were gathering black,  
the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden  
gusts of wind were moaning along the  
streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain,  
and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to  
travel far in such a night as this!" said  
the sentinel at the English gate, as the tra-  
veller passed him and proceeded to cross  
the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the borders  
of the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of  
Tweedmouth, which for miles, presented a  
desert of whins, fern and stunted heath, with  
here and there a single covered with thick  
brushwood. He slowly toiled over the deep  
hill, braving the storm which now raged in  
wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents and  
the wind howled as a legion of famished  
wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes  
over the heath. Still the stranger pushed  
onward, until he proceeded two or three  
miles from Berwick, when, as if unable  
longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter  
amidst some crab and bramble bushes by  
the wayside. Nearly an hour had passed  
since he sought this imperfect refuge, and  
the darkness of the night and the storm had  
increased together, when the sound of the  
horse's feet was heard hurriedly splashing  
along the road. The rider bent his head to  
the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped  
by the bridle, the rider raised his head and  
the traveller stood before him, holding a pis-  
tol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken  
with fear, made an effort to reach his arms;  
but, in a moment the hand of the robber,  
quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of  
the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He  
fell heavily on his face and for several mi-  
nutes remained senseless. The stranger seized  
the leathern bag which contained the mail  
for the north, and flinging it on his  
shoulder rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the in-  
habitants of Berwick were seen hurrying  
in groups to the spot where the robbery was  
committed, and were scattered in every di-  
rection around the moor; but no trace of the  
robbery could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John  
Cochrane yet lived. The mail which con-  
tained his death-warrant had been robbed;  
and before another order of his execution  
could be given, the intercession of his father,  
the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's con-  
fessor might be successful. Grizel now be-  
came almost his constant companion in pri-  
son, and spoke to him words of comfort.

Nearly fourteen days had passed since the  
protracted hope in the bosom of the pri-  
soner became more bitter than his first despair.

But even that hope, bitter as it was, perish-  
ed. The intercession of his father had been  
unsuccessful—and the second time the big-  
oted, and would be despotic monarch, and

signed the warrant for his death, and with-  
in a little more than another day that war-  
rant would reach his prison.

"The will of heaven be done!" groaned the  
captive.

"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehe-  
mence; "but my father shall not die!"

Again the rider of the mail had reached  
the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time  
he bore with him the doom of Cochrane.

He spurred his horse to its utmost speed, he  
looked cautiously before, behind, and around  
him; and in his right hand he carried a pis-  
tol ready to defend himself. The moon  
shed a ghastly light across the heath ren-  
dering desolation visible, and, giving a  
spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He  
was turning the angle of a struggling copse,  
when his horse reared at the report of a pis-  
tol, the fire of which seemed to dash into his  
very eyes. At the same moment his own  
pistol flashed and the horse reared more vi-  
olently, and he was driven from the saddle—

In a moment, the foot of the robber was upon  
his breast, who bending over him, and brand-  
ishing a short dagger in his hand, said—  
"Give me thine arms, or die!"

The heart of the King's servant failed him  
and without venturing to reply, he did as he  
was commanded.

"Now, go thy way," cried the robber sternly,  
but leave me with thy horse; and leave me  
with the mail—lest a worse thing come  
upon thee.

The man therefore arose, and proceeded  
towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber,  
mounting the horse which he had left, rode  
rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execu-  
tion of Sir John Cochrane the officers of the  
law waited only for the arrival of the mail  
with his second death warrant, to lead him  
forth to the scaffold, and the tidings arrived  
that the mail had been robbed. For yet four-  
teen days and the life of the prisoner would  
be again prolonged. He again fell on the  
neck of his daughter and wept and said—

"It is good—the hand of Heaven is in this!"  
"Said I not," replied the maiden and for the  
first time she wept aloud—that my father  
should not die!"

The fourteen days were not yet past, when  
the prison door flew open, and the old Earl  
of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son.

His intercession with the confessor had been  
at length successful; and, after twice signing  
the warrant for the execution of Sir John,  
which had as often failed in reaching its des-  
tination, the King had sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from the pri-  
son to his own house—his family were cling-  
ing around him shedding tears of joy—and  
they were marvelling with gratitude at the  
mysterious providence that had twice inter-  
cepted the mail and saved his life, when a  
stranger craved an audience. Sir John de-  
sired him to be admitted—and the robber en-  
tered. He was habited as we have before  
described, with the coarse jerkin; but his  
bearing was above his condition. On his en-  
tering, he slightly touched his beaver, but  
remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he  
taking two papers from his bosom, 'cast them  
in the fire!'

Sir John glanced on them, started, and be-  
came pale—they were his death-warrants.

"My deliverer," exclaimed he, 'how shall  
I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my  
life? My father, My children; thank him for  
me!'

The old Earl grasped the hand of the  
stranger; the children embraced his knees;  
and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly enquired Sir  
John, 'shall I thank my deliverer?'

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his  
beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane  
fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the aston-  
ished and enraptured father 'my own child!  
—my saviour—my own Grizel!'

A SNAKE MAN.—A correspondent in  
the country has furnished us with the fol-  
lowing account of an individual, who is ex-  
hibiting himself through the country.

"This most singular being, perhaps, has  
not a parallel in medical history. He is now  
about 29 years old, of ordinary stature and  
intellect. His deformities and physical pe-  
culiarities are owing to a fright his mother  
received from a large rattlesnake attempt-  
ing to bite her, about the sixth month of  
her pregnancy. For several minutes after  
the snake had struck at her, she believed her-  
self just above the ankle, and so powerfully  
was her mind effected, that, when she was  
delivered, the child's will was found to have  
no control over his right arm and leg; which  
are smaller than his left extremities. He  
can use his right leg, now, sufficiently to  
walk in a hobbling manner, but cannot re-  
tain it stationary, without the aid of the  
weight of his body. His right hand has the  
usual number of fingers, but they are small-  
er than those of his left hand. The wrist  
joint is looser than usual, and his left hand  
stands at an angle with his arm. His front  
teeth are somewhat pointed and inclined  
backward like the fangs of a snake. The  
right side of his face is sensibly affected; his  
mouth is drawn considerably further on the  
right than on the left side; his right eye  
squints, has several deep grooves radiating  
from it and has a very singular appearance  
much resembling a snake.

But perhaps the most extraordinary cir-  
cumstance on record, is, that his right arm,  
when not restrained, will draw the lower  
part to about a right angle with the upper,  
and sometimes two or three, but most com-  
monly only the fore finger will project at  
the first joint, much resembling a snake's  
head and neck, when in the attitude of strik-  
ing; and the whole arm will strike an ob-  
ject with all the venom of a snake, and pre-  
cisely in the same manner, sometimes for  
two or three and sometimes for four or five  
strokes, and then the arm assumes a vibra-  
tory motion, will coil up, and apply itself  
close against his body. During this period,  
his right foot and leg become excited; and if  
not restrained will strike also. His face  
is also excited; the angle of his mouth is  
drawn backward, and his eye snaps more or  
less in unison with the strokes of his hand  
while his lips are always separated, exposing  
his teeth, which being somewhat pointed,  
like the fangs of a snake, causes his whole  
visage to assume a snake's aspect. During

infancy and childhood, the whole shape of  
the snake, even to its fangs, was printed on  
the interior of his legs; but as he grew up it  
became gradually obliterated, till now there  
is only a small depression where the snake's  
head was imprinted. The sight of a snake  
fills him with horror, and an instinctive feel-  
ing of revenge; and he is more excitable dur-  
ing the season of snakes; and even conver-  
sation concerning them excites him, and his  
arm appears more anxious to strike than  
when no conversation is going on.

All of the above phenomenon are perfect-  
ly independent of his will, as hundreds can  
testify, who were acquainted with him long  
before he had any idea of exhibiting himself  
publicly. This singular being was born in  
Carolina, and moved to Georgia in the year  
1829, where he has since remained perform-  
ing such labor as he could with one hand; and  
by unremitting exertions, has maintained his  
wife and an increasing family. His physi-  
cal peculiarities being considered only in the  
light of a common deformity, he never  
thought of exhibiting himself publicly, till  
it was suggested to him by a medical friend  
in 1837.—*Savannah Georgian.*

REVERSED.—In London, the people pay  
a penny for being shaved, and a sixpence for  
a newspaper; but in this country they pay a  
sixpence for being shaved, and a penny for  
the newspaper.

MELANCHOLY SITUATION.—A poor  
fellow out West writes home to his "folks"  
that he is in a "dreadful fix," being debarred  
all the luxuries, comforts, and well-darned  
stockings that he had been used to before  
leaving New England. Here is an extract of  
his letter:

"I am dying fast. The city is a desert—  
No business no amusements. I have seen  
but one handsome woman here, and she  
wasn't pretty. I wish I could get a wife;  
try for me, do—will allow you a commission.  
I haven't a single button on all my shirts;  
plague on such a life, I say, I must either  
marry or hang—no alternative."

ARKANSAS BAGGAGE.—"Boy run up  
stairs to No.—and bring down my bag-  
gage—hurry. I'm about moving," said a lat-  
Arkansas-meat-axe-looking person yester-  
day to a waiter, at one of our crack hotels.

"What is your baggage, massa, and what  
is he?"

"Why, three pistols, a deck of cards, a  
Bowieknife and one shirt. You'll find them  
all under my pillow."—*Picayune.*

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—A correspond-  
ent suggests the name of "Sub-Treasurer"  
for a coat of great speed. It would cer-  
tainly be felicitous for one inclined to "bolt."

Such a coat ought to be "handy" at the "turns,"  
and carry, "catch weights"—"start" at the  
"first tap," and "go a distance."—*Spirit of  
the Times.*

## PROSPECTUS

To the Fourth Volume of the Philadelphia Visitor.

H. N. MOORE, EDITOR.

THE VISITOR will contain original  
and selected Tales, Sketches, Essays,  
Poetry, Biography, &c. &c.; together with  
Music for the Piano Forte, Engravings,  
Fashions, &c., and a general index for each  
volume.

No risk need be apprehended by those  
who may think proper to remit for this work,  
as it has been published four years; there-  
fore it is no longer an experiment.

The proprietor has effected such arrange-  
ments as shall enable him to furnish choice  
selections from the pens of E. L. Bulwer,  
Washington Irving, Mrs. Sigourney, B. D.  
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And it is the design of the publisher to  
make the Visitor agreeable to the old and  
the young,—to the sedate and the gay—to  
mingle the valuable with the amusing—and  
to pursue the tenor of his way with the en-  
tertainment of good feeling towards all sects  
and parties.

TERMS.—The Visitor is published every  
other Saturday on fine white paper, each  
number will contain 24 large super royal  
octavo pages, enveloped in a fine printed  
cover, forming at the end of the year a volume  
of nearly 600 pages, at the very low price  
of \$1 25 cts. per annum in advance, \$2 00  
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Chesnut-st., post paid, will receive immediate  
attention.

Editors by copying this prospectus and  
sending a paper of the same to the office,  
shall receive the Visitor for one year.

All notes on State Banks received at par  
for subscriptions to the Visitor.

INFORMATION WANTED.  
For all the editors in the United States, who are  
friends to their country, I, the widow of  
William McCain de'd., who was a soldier  
of the revolution, and suffered much in the  
struggle for independence, desirous of pro-  
ving my marriage and procuring a pension  
from the United States, wish to gain infor-  
mation respecting the residence of my re-  
lations in order to establish the fact. My  
parents emigrated about the year 1785 from  
Orange county, N. Y. to the western States  
of Ky. My father's name was Tho's John-  
son, and my mother's maiden name Susan  
Parpino; our family consisted of several chil-  
dren, my brothers names were John, Benja-  
min, and George Johnson. Should any of  
them see this notice, they will immediately  
write and state where they are.

Editors in the Union will please give this  
two or three insertions for the benefit of an  
indigent widow, who suffered much herself  
for freedom.

CHARLOTTE MCCAIN.

Warwick, Orange county, N. Y. Nov. 14.

New York Weekly Whig.

The constant calls at our office for a weekly  
paper has induced us to commence the "New  
York Weekly Whig." We have incurred con-  
siderable expense in order to furnish our readers  
with a sheet sufficiently large to contain all the  
necessary matter expected in a weekly paper.

WE NOW PRESENT THEM WITH THE LARGEST  
WEEKLY PAPER IN THE U. STATES!

On Politics, our course is already well known.

our articles will be comprehensive, moderate and  
candid, with enough firmness and decision to con-  
vince our adversaries that they cannot drive us  
from the field, really under-

Scientific sketches will also appear regularly.  
We have also made arrangements by which we  
will be enabled to present every week excellent  
Medical Reports. This Department will be un-  
der the direct superintendence of one of the most  
eminent, experienced and skillful surgeons of this  
city, and cannot fail to be extremely interesting.

There is not a Medical Journal published in  
New York, and something of the kind has been  
much needed. We trust our Medical Depart-  
ment will, in a great measure, supply the want of  
so desirable a publication.

Foreign and Domestic News we will give as  
fully as possible, and we intend to copy largely  
from French and English papers.

Foreign Literature will meet with careful at-  
tention. Our resources in this Department are  
inexhaustible. German and French Literature  
will be particularly attended to. This Depart-  
ment will be under the direction of one of the finest  
scholars of the country.

Historical Sketches will frequently appear, and  
care will be observed to have them correct.

Biographical Notices of prominent men, will  
form a portion of the reading matter of the Week-  
ly Whig. It is our intention to furnish accurate  
wood cut portraits of native poets.

The Drama we shall take under our especial  
keeping, and while we shall endeavor to do jus-  
tice to the talented, we shall also closely criticise  
the wretched murders so constantly committed  
upon the stage.

Readings for Children will be furnished, and a  
wood cut will generally accompany them. Our  
object, in this case, will be to amuse and instruct  
the rising generation.

The Music of the Stage needs reformation, and  
it will become our duty to point out, as far as  
possible, some improvements which are absolutely  
required by the rapidly increasing intelligence of  
the community.

To the Ladies we have a word to say; we shall  
not forget your interests; balls, parties and fash-  
ions will claim and receive our notice frequently,  
and have, too, such notice paid them as will  
please. We are fully aware, that to render our  
paper agreeable, we must receive the patronage  
and encouragement of our fair friends. We  
shall endeavor to deserve it, by always furnishing  
something suitable to their tastes.

Tales of engrossing interest will always be  
found in the Weekly Whig.

Reviews of late publications, and notices of No-  
vels and Romances, will be regularly given.

The Poetry we publish will be carefully select-  
ed, and we have already on hand several beauti-  
ful pieces from known writers, which will soon  
appear.

General Education will form a promise fea-  
ture in the Weekly Whig, and we shall constant-  
ly furnish matter of the first importance on this  
subject to parents and teachers.

Engravings. We have several capital wood  
cuts on hand, and others now in the hands of the  
engravers, one or more of which may be regu-  
larly expected in each weekly number. They are  
mostly from original designs, and will add much  
to the value of the paper.

Commerce. We have a person engaged who,  
for a long time, has been employed in procuring  
commercial intelligence, and who is in every way  
competent, and will devote the whole of his time  
to the New York Market; Prices Current; Stocks  
and Exchanges; Bank Note Table, and all matters  
calculated to interest business men, who will all  
find it to their advantage to patronize us, as we in-  
tend, in each of our weekly papers, to insert all  
the advertisements published in the Daily Whig  
during the week.

TERMS.—Three Dollars a year, in advance,  
and no paper will be furnished, unless the terms  
are first strictly complied with.

Orders for the paper must be addressed to the  
publisher,  
JAMES G. WILSON,  
Office of the New York Daily Whig,  
127 Nassau street.

No letters taken from the Post Office, unless  
post paid.

Communications may be addressed to the Edi-  
tors, and sent also (post paid) to the office of the  
Daily Whig.

Persons sending \$5, (post paid,) will be entit-  
led to two copies of the Weekly Whig, for one year  
or one copy for two years.

For those Editors who publish this prospectus of  
the New York Weekly Whig, and send us their  
paper will receive an exchange for one year.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## District Herald.

THE undersigned proposes to publish in the  
town of Brownsville, a weekly newspaper un-  
der the above title, and respectfully solicits the  
patronage of his friends and the public gener-  
ally.

In issuing this proposal, it is deemed en-  
tirely superfluous to speak at large of the  
advantages, this portion of the Western Dis-  
trict, would derive from the establishment  
of a well conducted newspaper in this place,  
or to say anything in advance as to the mer-  
its the Herald may possess. The former  
must be obvious to every one, and the latter  
is a matter for the future judgment of the pub-  
lic. And of the ability of such a place, in  
connection with a liberal country patronage,  
to sustain a newspaper, the undersigned has  
no doubt. With the liberal support there-  
fore, which he flatters himself, will be given  
to a project of this kind, every assurance is  
made that no pains will be wanting on his  
part, to render the paper both worthy and ac-  
ceptable